

*Esc.* I fir, very well.

*Clo.* Nay, I beseech you marke it well.

*Esc.* Well, I doe so.

*Clo.* Doth your honor see any harme in his face?

*Esc.* Why no.

*Clo.* Ile be suppos'd vpon a booke, his face is the worst thing about him: good then: if his face be the worst thing about him, how could Master Froth doe the Constables wife any harme? I would know that of your honour.

*Esc.* He's in the right (Constable) what say you to it?

*Elb.* Fir, and it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his Mistris is a respected woman.

*Clo.* By this hand Sir, his wife is a more respected person then any of vs all.

*Elb.* Varlet, thou lyest; thou lyest wicked varlet: the time is yet to come that thee was euer respected with man, woman, or childe.

*Clo.* Sir, she was respected with him, before he married with her.

*Esc.* Which is the wiser here; *Iustice* or *Iniquitie*? Is this true?

*Elb.* O thou caytiffe: O thou varlet: O thou wicked *Hanniball*; I respected with her, before I was married to her? If euer I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship thinke mee the poore *Dukes* Officer: proue this, thou wicked *Hanniball*, or ile haue mine action of batty on thee.

*Esc.* If heooke you a box 'oth' eare, you might haue your action of slander too.

*Elb.* Marry I thanke your good worship for it: what is't your Worships pleasure I shall doe with this wicked Caytiffe?

*Esc.* Truly Officer, because he hath some offences in him, that thou wouldst discouer, if thou couldst, let him continue in his courtes, till thou knowst what they are.

*Elb.* Marry I thanke your worship for it: Thou seest thou wicked varlet now, what's come vpon thee. Thou art to continue now thou Varlet, thou art to continue.

*Esc.* Where were you borne, friend?

*Froth.* Here in *Vienna*, Sir.

*Esc.* Are you of fourescore pounds a yeere?

*Froth.* Yes, and 't please you fir.

*Esc.* So: what trade are you of, fir?

*Clo.* A Tapster, a poore widdowes Tapster.

*Esc.* Your Mistris name?

*Clo.* Mistris *Ouer-don*.

*Esc.* Hath she had any more then one husband?

*Clo.* Nine, fir: *Ouer-don* by the last.

*Esc.* Nine? come hether to me, Master *Froth*; Master *Froth*, I would not haue you acquainted with Tapsters; they will draw you Master *Froth*, and you will hang them: get you gon, and let me heare no more of you.

*Fro.* I thanke your worship: for mine owne part, I neuer come into any roome in a Tap-house, but I am drawne in.

*Esc.* Well: no more of it Master *Froth*: farewell: Come you hether to me, Mr. Tapster: what's your name Mr. Tapster?

*Clo.* Pompey.

*Esc.* What else?

*Clo.* Bum, Sir.

*Esc.* Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you, so that in the beaflieft sence, you are Pompey the

great; Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey; howsoever you colour it in being a Tapster, are you not? come, tell me true, it shall be the better for you.

*Clo.* Truly fir, I am a poore fellow that would liue.

*Esc.* How would you liue Pompey? by being a bawd?

what doe you thinke of the trade Pompey? is it a lawfull trade?

*Clo.* If the Law would allow it, fir.

*Esc.* But the Law will not allow it Pompey; nor it shall not be allowed in *Vienna*.

*Clo.* Do's your Worship meane to geld and splay all the youth of the City?

*Esc.* No, Pompey.

*Clo.* Truly Sir, in my poore opinion they will too: then: if your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaues, you need not to feare the bawds.

*Esc.* There is pretty orders beginning I can tell you: It is but heading, and hanging.

*Clo.* If you head, and hang all that offend that way but for ten yeare together; you'll be glad to giue out a Commission for more heads: if this law hold in *Vienna* ten yeare, ile rent the fairest house in it after three pence a Bay: if you liue to see this come to passe, say Pompey told you so.

*Esc.* Thanke you good Pompey; and in requitall of your prophesie, harke you: I aduise you let me not finde you before me againe vpon any complaint whatsoever; no, not for dwelling where you doe: if I doe Pompey, I shall beat you to your Tent, and proue a shrewd *Cesar* to you: in plaine dealing Pompey, I shall haue you whipt; so for this time, Pompey, fare you well.

*Clo.* I thanke your Worship for your good counsell; but I shall follow it as the flesh and fortune shall better determine. Whip me? no, no, let Carman whip his Iade, The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade. *Exit.*

*Esc.* Come hether to me, Master *Elbow*: come hither Master Constable: how long haue you bin in this place of Constable?

*Elb.* Seuen yeere, and a halfe fir.

*Esc.* I thought by the readinesse in the office, you had continued in it some time: you say seauen yeares together.

*Elb.* And a halfe fir.

*Esc.* Alas, it hath bene great paines to you: they do you wrong to put you so oft vpon't. Are there not men in your Ward sufficient to serue it?

*Elb.* Faith fir, few of any wit in such matters: as they are chosen, they are glad to choofe me for them; I do it for some peece of money, and goe through with all.

*Esc.* Looke you bring mee in the names of some five or seuen, the most sufficient of your parish.

*Elb.* To your Worships house fir?

*Esc.* To my house: fare you well: what's a clocke, thinke you?

*Inst.* Eleuen, Sir.

*Esc.* I pray you home to dinner with me.

*Inst.* I humbly thanke you.

*Esc.* It grieues me for the death of *Claudio* But there's no remedie:

*Inst.* Lord *Angelo* is seuer.

*Esc.* It is but needfull.

Mercy is not it selfe, that oft lookes so,

Pardon is still the nurse of second woe:

But yet, poore *Claudio*; there is no remedie.

Come Sir.

*Exeunt.*  
*Scena*

## Scena Secunda.

*Enter Provost, Seruant.*

*Ser.* Hee's hearing of a Cause; he will come straight, I'll tell him of you.

*Pro.* Pray you doe; Ile know

His pleasure, may be he will relent; alas

He hath but as offended in a dreame,

All Sects, all Ages smack of this vice, and he

To die for't?

*Enter Angelo.*

*Ang.* Now, what's the matter *Provost*?

*Pro.* Is it your will *Claudio* shall die to morrow?

*Ang.* Did not I tell thee yea? hadst thou not order?

Why do'st thou aske againe?

*Pro.* Left I might be too rash:

Vnder your good correction, I haue seene

When after execution, Iudgement hath

Repented ore his doome.

*Ang.* Goe to; let that be mine,

Doe you your office, or giue vp your Place,

And you shall well be spar'd.

*Pro.* I craue your Honours pardon:

What shall be done Sir, with the groaning *Juliet*?

Shee's very neere her howre.

*Ang.* Dispose of her

To some more fitter place; and that with speed.

*Ser.* Here is the sister of the man condemn'd,

Desires access to you.

*Ang.* Hath he a Sister?

*Pro.* I my good Lord, a very vertuous maid,

And to be shortlie of a Sister-hood,

If not already.

*Ang.* Well: let her be admitted,

See you the Fornicatresse be remou'd,

Let her haue needfull, but not lauish meanes,

There shall be order for't.

*Enter Lucio and Isabella.*

*Pro.* 'Sae your Honour.

*Ang.* Stay a little while: y'are welcome: what's your

*Isab.* I am a wofull Sutor to your Honour,

Please but your Honor heare me.

*Ang.* Well: what's your suite.

*Isab.* There is a vice that most I doe abhorre,

And most desire should meet the blow of Iustice;

For which I would not plead, but that I must,

For which I must not plead, but that I am

At warre, twixt will, and will not.

*Ang.* Well: the matter?

*Isab.* I haue a brother is condemn'd to die,

I doe beseech you let it be his fault,

And not my brother.

*Pro.* Heauen giue thee mouing graces.

*Ang.* Condemne the fault, and not the actor of it,

Why euer fault's condemn'd ere it be done:

Mine were the verie Cipher of a Function

To fine the faults, whose fine stands in record,

And let goe by the Actor:

*Isab.* Oh iust, but seuer Law:

I had a brother then; heauen keepe your honour.

*Luc.* Giue 't not ore so: to him againe, entreat him,

Kneele downe before him, hang vpon his gowne,

You are too cold: if you should need a pin,

You could not with me

To him, I say.

*Isab.* Must he needs

*Ang.* Maiden, no re

*Isab.* Yes: I doe thin

And neither heauen, nor

*Ang.* I will not doe

*Isab.* But can you if

*Ang.* Looke what I

*Isab.* But might you

If so your heart were to

As mine is to him?

*Ang.* Hee's sentence

*Luc.* You are too co

*Isab.* Too late? why

May call it againe: well

No ceremony that to gr

Not the Kings Crowne

The Marshalls Trunche

Become them with one

As mercie does: If he h

You would haue slipt li

Would not haue bene.

*Ang.* Pray you be g

*Isab.* I would to hea

And you were *Isabell*: s

No: I would tell what

And what a prisoner.

*Luc.* I, touch him; t

*Ang.* Your Brother

And you but waste you

*Isab.* Alas, alas:

Why all the foules that

And he that might the v

Found out the remedie

If he, which is the top of

But iudge you, as you ar

And mercie then will br

Like man new made.

*Ang.* Be you content

It is the Law, not I, con

Were he my kinsman, b

It should be thus with h

*Isab.* To morrow? oh

Spare him, spare him:

Hee's not prepar'd for de

We kill the fowle of lea

With lesse respect then

To our grosse felues? go

Who is it that hath di'd

There's many haue com

*Luc.* I, well said.

*Ang.* The Law hath

Those many had not dar

If the first, that did th' E

Had answer'd for his de

Takes note of what is do

Lookes in a glasse that sh

Either now, or by remis

And so in progresse to be

Are now to haue no succ

But here they liue to end

*Isab.* Yet shew some

*Ang.* I shew it most o

For then I pittie those I

Which a dismis'd offence